The Batachi Tradition

By Shomit Sirohi

Ilaan is meeting women on a beach – stranded like a poet – all of this brackets as poems of course. The Ilanichi and Marianateg is then a bunch of poets who do pot and cure their crisis which is then a man Tadana who is practicing metaphysics in his room.

I. A Number of Crimes – In Thailand – Daily Life

In the process of a Thai man who is crouching under his bed, and searching for a small transistor he is then in fact tuning into radio. In fact the man, Tadana is finally a man who is metaphysical in Buddhism. I mean he has met Ilaan finally and talked to his fact of wearing Goa shorts and walking around, dazed and confused but also really certain, objective and brilliant. In fact the tradition of the Batachi, begins with a conversation – some people call this Prophetic. He is busy buying from the bazariya some material. He cooks in the house and even drinks all day, which becomes in the Batachi tradition, a number of medicinal practices.

II. Ways of Metaphysics, Dalai Lama introduces the Batachi

In fact on radio is Dalai Lama and we are in fact on the subject of metaphysics, that Tadana introduces Ilaan to – he is busy smoking and following a Batachi life in some run down hotel, he is busy being brilliant. Dalai Lama argues, to crouch means to follow the crouching tiger and hidden dragon tale which then is forcing its way to a art film these days, but is more like magical realism. Ilaan is busy loading a gun and following a gun shot of a logic – he means it is just cinematic stuff instead – and that is metaphysics – you get that man. Dalai Lama argues, that Ilaan does not understand in fact Buddhism, it is just a way, and just that way – which is this crouching we began with – and that is all I want to say. Cannot reveal.

III. In fact the man is busy in a small tradition of tea and drinking Cannabis

Ilaan is now on Yage, and is following the novels. I stopped off here to have my files out. Wouldn't do to go back among the Indians with files I figured. Bill Gains was in town and he has burned down the Republic of Panama from Las Palmas to David on spiritual drugs. Before Gains, Panama was a p.g. town. You could buy four ounces in any drug store. Now the druggists are balky and the Chamber of Deputies was about to pass a special Gains Law when he threw in the towel and went back to Thai hotel living customs. I was getting off junk and he kept nagging me why was I kidding myself once a junkie always a junkie. I

if I quit junk I would become a sloppy lush or go crazy taking cocaine. One night I got lushed and bought some paregoric and he kept saying over and over, 'I knew you'd come home with paregoric. I knew it. You'll he a junkie all the rest of your life' and looking at me with his little cat smile. Junk is a cause with him. I checked into the hospital junk sick and spent four days there. They would only give me three shots of morphine and I couldn't sleep from pain and heat and deprivation besides which there was a case in the same room with me and his friends came and stayed all day and half the night - one of them did in fact stay until midnight. Recall walking by some American women in the corridor who looked like officers' wives. One of them was saying, 'I don't know why but I just can't eat sweets: 'You got diabetes lady,' I said. They all whirled around and gave me an outraged stare.

IV. I was then on a scooter in Thailand

Working or perception. I went into a cantina and drank aguardiente and played the mountain music on the juke box. There is something archaic in this music strangely familiar, very old and very sad. Decidedly not Spanish in origin, nor is it oriental. Shepherd music played on a bamboo instrument like a panpipe, pre-classic, Etruscan perhaps. I have heard similar music in the mountains of Albania where pre-Greek, Ilyrian racial strains linger. A phylogenetic nostalgia conveyed by this music - Atlantean? I saw working behind the bar what looked at first like an attractive boy of 14 or so (the place was dimly lit owing to a partial power failure). An Indian was sitting at the next table fumbling in his pockets. his fingers numb with alcohol. It took him several minutes to pull out some crumbled bills - what my grandmother. a violent prohibitionist, used to describe as 'dirty money' - he caught my eye and smiled a twisted broken smile. 'What else can I do?'

V. All the Worlds – Ilaan Meets Belano in a Hotel Lobby

In fact in the part about the Buddhists it is a minimal role, that Sirohi works as maximal in their conversations on Buddhism – that in another world Fidel Castro is busy following Chrisitian sermons and the Buddhists will be a secret – follow the I Ching – follow it.